RED PEPPER

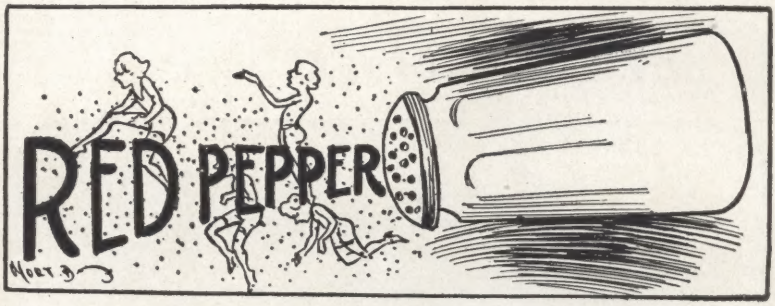
25¢

September 1924

A Perry Periodical for Perry People

WOMEN
ARE THE DICE OF LIFE

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING



A Peppy Periodical For Peppy People

HARRY A. GLYNN, Editor

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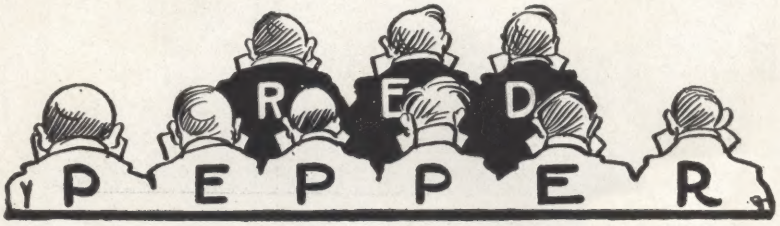


THE STAR OF YESTERDAY

GRACE DARLING

LUCILLE LE SUEUR

Photo De Mirjian Studios.

In "Innocent Eyes" at the Winter Garden. One of the reasons why Hiram left the farm.

MARY EATON

Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston.

With the feet that can't behave in "Kid Boots" at the Earl Carroll Theatre.

GLYNN'S DOPE FOR THE GOOFERS

All the world loves a lover, but all flappers love a sucker.

Don't be a damn fool and spend your bank roll unless you know that you are going to receive your money's worth.

The text—"Give and Ye Shall Always Receive," may be alright, but don't take any chances.

Because a fool and his money is soon parted. That's how the broad's bank account is started.

Remember the bank pays interest. but the only interest you get out of a jane is the interest she takes in you as long as your dough last.

Buying a dame a swell coat is out of the question, because some other guy is going to rest his head on it.

Go to a Fain's Knit store and look at the stockings through the window. You can get just as much of a kick as you would looking at them on some chick's pretty legs.

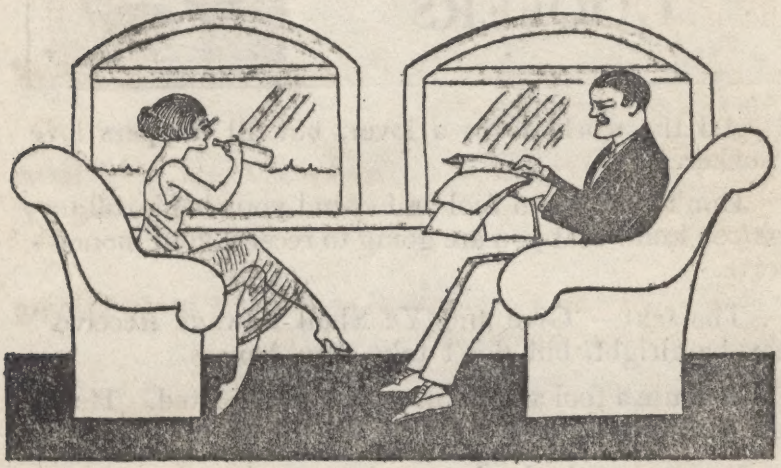
Of course, the feeling isn't there, but remember you still have your bank roll left.

BOTTLE COURAGE

OR

The Call of the West

By Lizzie Potcheese, our Favorite Stenographer



On the Union Pacific express, Rat Murphy was making his get-away from the Salt Lake City bulls, after cribbing a few sparklers from a jeweler.

Rat was as hard as an elephant's corn. But he, like many other ginks, had a weakening for rum and women.

Lizzie, our stenographer may be red-readed—
but she ain't light-headed.

Rat picked up many a broad for his stable and gave them a meal ticket. But he always got it in the neck. They'd breeze away from him when his kale was gone.

Rat didn't give a damn, he believed in variety, and always got it.

He was sitting in the Pullman enjoying himself reading the Red Pepper.

When he was interrupted by a slight lung shout which came from a young dame who was sitting opposite.

He lifted his gleamers and saw a nifty broad holding a bottle to her smackers.

"Holy Gee! I'm in luck," said Rat to himself, "I'll make myself known and get next to that bottle."

He looked over and kept staring at her. She made no attempt to razz him, but letting her lamps light up, she broadcasted the welcome call.

"Hmmm, lovely day, isn't it?" he slipped her.

"Yes," shot back the jane, "but its punk riding alone."

"Oh!" echoed back the Rat, don't mind that kid. I'll be with you as far as you go."

Not losing any time he flopped himself on the seat with her.

"I shall be tickled like a goose pimple to be in your company," answered the jazzy one.

And once more she put the bottle to her kisser.

Rat's tongue was hanging like a horse's tail. He was dead for the want of a swig, but it wasn't time to ask her for it yet.

Just then the lunch slinger came tootin' through the car. "Dinner is now being served in the dining car."

This was all Rat wanted to hear. Here's where he was going to nail his friendship closer.

"How about putting the lunch bag on, kid?" he asked.

Sure enough the flap agreed and they blew into the grubatory.

After packing away about ten berries worth of chow in their storage, they returned.

They were now like two hairs in a soup strainer under a guy's nose. She stuck because she thought he was a regular Santa Claus.

But Rat was playing his game. He was going to get hip to the bottle the next time she brought it in sight.

It wasn't long before she fished it out and put it to her smacker.

"Wait a minute, girlie," spoke up Rat, "be a nice little baby and give your daddy a nice drink."

"Oh, no, I couldn't," shot back the skirt. It would not be right."

"That's all right, sweetie, don't be afraid of me," said Rat getting peeeved. I'm no revenue man. Just shoot me a swig out of that bottle."

"It's not liquor," exploded the jane.

Poor Rat fell hard. "Not liquor?" What in hell did he spend his dough on a meal for her if it wasn't booze?

"NOT RUM!" he exclaimed. Then what is it?"

"Well," replied' the broad, "It's—it's—I'm on my way to Denver; I have Consumption."

CAN HE

A canner, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny:

"A canner can can
Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

A MINUTE TO GUESS

If a corset cover covers a corset,
What does a corset cover?

A GRAVE ONE

A girl, a quarrel, a room, some gas;
A hearse, a funeral, a hole, some grass.

NOT HIM

HELEN—"I think Jack is a bad egg."
MABLE—"No, he's too fresh for that."

ENOUGH

BIFF—"What's at the burlesque tonight?"
BANG—"I'm not quite sure, but I hear she only wears some beads."

:—:—:—:—:—:

STUDIO GOSSIP

Our leading man is strong for art,
His picture-acting thrills;
He revels in the Close-up scenes,
But how he loves the Stills!

THE TRAMP

Lemme set down a minute,
A stone's got in my shoe;
Don't you commence your cussin',
I ain't done nothin' to you.

Yes, I'm a tramp. What of it?
Folks say we ain't no good.
But tramps have to live, I reckon,
Though folks don't think we should.

Once I was strong and handsome,
Had plenty of cash and clothes—
That was before I tippled
And rum got into my nose.

Down in Lehigh Valley, me
And my people grew;
I was a blacksmith, cap'n,
Yes, and a good one, too.

Me and my wife and Nellie,
Nellie was just sixteen;
She was the pootiest creature
The Valley had ever seen.

Beaus? Why, she had a dozen—
Had 'em from near and fur,
But they were mostly farmers,
None of 'em suited her.

There was a city stranger,
  Young, handsome and tall.
Damn him—I wish I had him
  Strangled ag'n that wall.

He was the man for Nellie—
  She didn't know no ill;
Mother she tried to stop it,
  But you know a young gal's will.

Well, it's the same old story—
  Common enough, you'll say.
He was a soft-tongued devil,
  And got her to run away.

More than a month after we heard
  From the poor young thing,
He'd gone away and left her
  Without a wedding ring.

Back to her home we brought her,
  Back to her mother's side.
Filled with a raging fever—
  She fell at my feet and died.

Frantic with shame and trouble,
  Her mother began to sink.
Dead—in less than a fortnight—
  That's when I took to drink.

Gimme one glass, Curnel,
  And then I'll be on my way,
I'll tramp till I find that scoundrel,
  If it takes till the judgment day.

THAT'S DIFFERENT

"There's a party outside with a poem that wishes to see you."

"Oh, hell! What's his name?"

"It's a young lady, sir, an' believe me she's a dream."

"Ah, show the young lady in. I'll be pleased, a-hem, to look at her lines."

o o o :—: o o o

TOUGH LUCK

A tool chest was the old hen's nest,
I'll bet you cannot match it;
She cackled when she tried to set
Upon a nail and hatchet.

o o o :—: o o o

OH! DEAR

"She is a decided blonde, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes, but she only decided recently."

o o o :—: o o o

TRYING TO DO IT

JUDGE—"Can't this case be settled out of court?"

MIKE—"That is what we were trying to do, your honor, when the police interfered.

o o o :—: o o o

WILLING TO HELP

JACK (boldly)—"If that door wasn't opened, I'd kiss you."

GRACE (shyly)—"Shall I shut it?"

The kid was crying so she gave him a bust in the mouth.

SOWIE!

BIFF—"But rabbits multiply."

BANG—"You can say what you want, but it takes a snake to be an adder."

* * * * *

TOUGH LUCK

I'd like to be a caveman
And drag girls to my lair;
To dress them up in nifty skins
Of tiger and of bear!
And every night I'd beat them up
And kiss their tears away;
I'll say I'd like to do this—but
I'm ninety-three today!

And she said: "Whata yuh tink I runs a charity instertootshun?"

DEAR INFORMATION—Would you advise me to use moth-balls in my drawers? There are so many moths in Florida—MAY DEY.

Send plain stamped envelope for answer to this one.

DEAR RED— Is pneumonia and ammonia the same thing?—PARA LYZER.

No, Anna; you see ammonia comes in a bottle, while pneumonia comes in a chest.

DEAR PEPPER—Can you tell me what is meant by "A third rail girl?"—PAUL BEARER.

I suppose it means one dangerous to touch.

DEAR INFORMATION—I am very much interested in improving my manners. My book of etiquette says that when a lady and gentleman are going up stairs, the gentleman should always precede the lady. Can you tell me the reason for this?—B. DUM.

Either you have always been a gentleman or blind. Otherwise you wouldn't have to ask.

DEAR RED—Why is it that they say the young ladies in Newark are like dice. Is it because they're hard to get?—MINNIE SOTA.

No. They're easy enough to get, but they're hard to shake.

YEA BO!

I knew a little Broadway star,
The classiest of lights;
Though she revealed her art by day,
You should have seen her nights.

CHOO-CHOO

THE DEAR ONE—"Why do they say here she come, when it's really a mail train?"

HE—"Perhaps it's because she often has a berth."

* * * * *

HE'S A FAIRY NICE BOY.

AN' SHE LAFFED AN' LAFFED

By

EPHRAIM NOOZLE

(The Red Pepper Porter)

Now hit was a wealthy family ob suddern distinkshun dat planned on a trip ter Lunnon an' dar ole darky survant proved a problum fo' a time until hit was decidet ter loan 'im ter de nearby club ware he wood be assured ob kind treatmen'.

Hafter about five years or mo', Rufus happend ter meet de yung lady ob de family on de street won day an' he was very much obbercome wit' emoshun.

"Well, well," spoke Rufus, "Is yoah all back from Lunnon, Missy?"

"Yes, Rufus," replied de yung lady. "Hob hab yo' been?"

"Ah, I shore hab bin alright in dat club yoah fodder was kind enuff ter leave me. I ain't got much ter do an' de geneman dare tells such funnah stories I jes' natcherly lafs an' lafs."

"De udder night I don' went ter see my fyancay an' I don' tole her one ob dem funnah stories I herd."

"An' wood yo' believe hit Missy, she jes' laffed an' laffed till she plum fergot where she was an' rolled right out ob bed."

"Lordy, Missy, how she don' laffed."

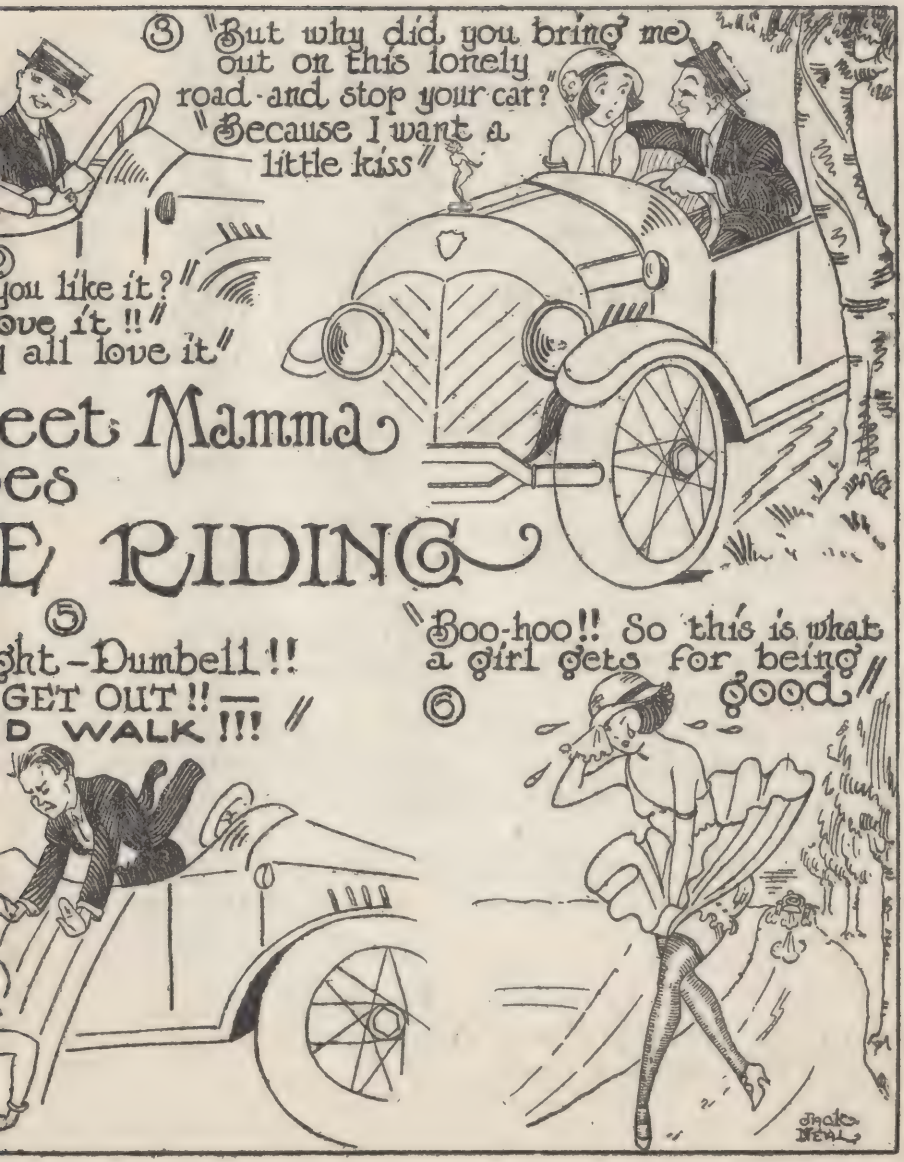
BR-R-R-R-R

"Dar's no justice fo' a po' niggah!"

"No. It's just ice to a colored pusson!"

A GIRL WITH A PRETTY KNEE CAN GRIN AND BARE IT.

1
"Hello Cutie! Want to take a little ride?"
"Oh Thank You! I like auto riding"
A
Little Sw
go
AUTOMOBIL
4
"And you're going to give it to me!!"
"Oh! No!! No!!!
Let me out!
LET ME OUT!!!"
"Alri
Then
—AN


③ "But why did you bring me out on this lonely road-and stop your car?"
"Because I want a little kiss"
you like it?
ove it !!"
all love it"
eet Mamma
es
E RIDING
⑤
ght-Dumbell !!
GET OUT !!
D WALK !!!
"Boo-hoo!! So this is what a girl gets for being good"
⑥
Jack Neal

7:30 P. M.—Bedtime Stories, "Why Don't You Cut Your Toe Nails, You Are Tearing All the Sheets."

8:15 P. M.—Political Talk, "The Game of Politics Is Played With a Pack of Lies," by Ward Leader.

9:30 P. M.—Lizzie Potcheese will sing, "Take Back Your Necklace, My Neck is Turning Green."

10:20 P. M.—Luke Warm will give his famous recitation entitled, "It's A Stiff Neck That Has No Turning When A Short Skirt Goes By."

11:15 P. M.—Safety Talk, "Don't Go Out In A Motor Boat Girls, You Know You Can't Walk Back Home," by Gertrude.

11:30 P. M.—Sport Talk, "Three Balls in Baseballs Means Nothing, But on Broadway, It's a Hockshop to Me," by E. Z. Mark.

LOST FOR GOOD

HEEL—"My, what a rotten pair of shoes."
TOE—"I'll say so. Both soles gone to hell already."

JUST WE

Now we enter this world,
And we care not from where;
The burdens we carry,
Are not easily to bear.
When the race is finished,
And our Life says retreat;
We rejoice in heaven,
Or we suffer dead heat.

ALL COVERED

My wife told me to stop in and buy her a bathing suit. I asked her the size and the price. She said a ten dollar bill would cover it. So I gave her the ten dollar bill.

* * * * *

DAMAGED GOODS

"Every woman has her price."
"You said it, and there's a lot of bargain sales on Broadway."

BEANS and the IRISH are alike.
Both fighting for FREEDOM.

AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE

CALLER—"Are the ladies in?"

MAID—"Yes, sir; they're all in."

CALLER—"Then I'll call later, perhaps they will feel better."

WHAT?

If all the world was kind and true,
And I stayed in all night with you;
And if I put out all the lights,
Tell me, WOULDJA?

OH, DEAR!

"Jack, please don't. You muss my hair."

But Jack kept right on, on the ground that if he mussed he must.

* * * * *

ALL GONE

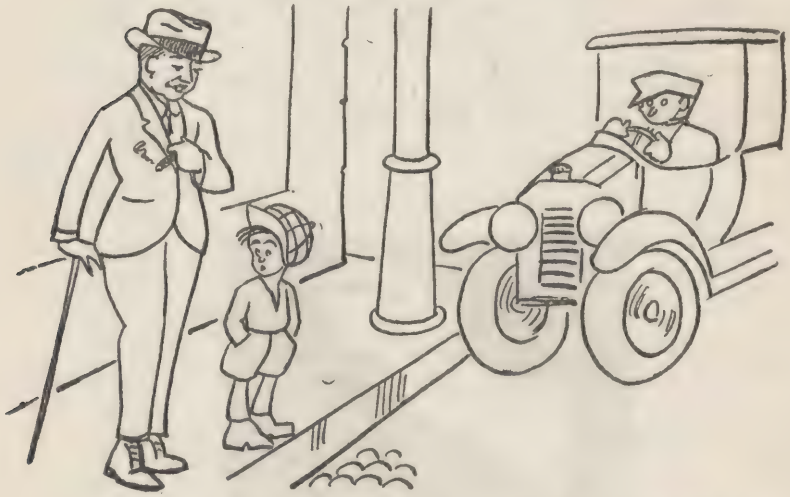
PERCY—"You used to say there was something about me you liked."

AGNES—"Yes, but you've spent it all now."

B-A-A-H!

My idea of a traitor is a man who makes love to a woman's lap dog.

THAT DEPENDS



"Father, what do you call a man who runs an automobile?"

"Well, my son; that depends upon how near he comes to hitting me."

* * * * *

SYSTEM

Mary had a little light,
It was well trained, no doubt;
For everytime a fellow called,
The little light went out.

Money talks, but it's too "shy" to be on speaking terms with some of us.

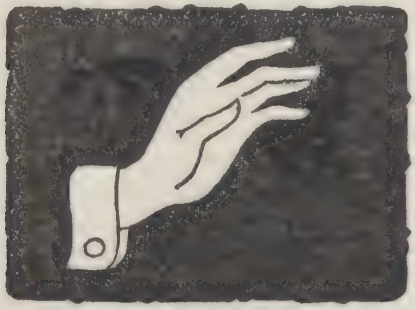
SOMETHING NEW

HE—"Why do you call them clock stockings? I dont' see any hands on them."

SHE (indignantly)—"No, and there aren't supposed to be any hands on them."

* * * * *

I COULD TELL IT



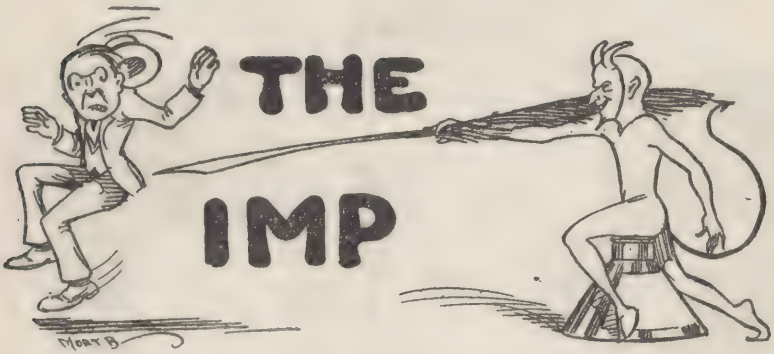
I could tell it if I felt it in the dark.
I could tell it if I felt it in the dark.
I like it very much, I know it by it's touch,
I could tell it if I felt it in the dark.

LET'S SEE

To start the summer sales with a bang, a Newark Department store was advertising: "Underwear Half Off. Come in and See Them."

IT IS EASY TO BE NICE TO ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

HANDS UP



Many a star doesn't get a reputation until after she's lost one.

* * * * *

When a wise man gets home late, he tells the truth and lets his wife wonder where he has been.

* * * * *

It is not always praise that turns a woman's head; once in a while it's peroxide.

* * * * *

The only way for a girl to save her honor when asked to ride in an auto by strange men, is to keep on walking.

* * * * *

As a rule, those men who growl loudest about women's extravagance are the very men who are fondest of a woman's waist.

LIFE

A girl there was who lay in bed
And snappy, snappy Red Pepper read.
She helped her mother—we don't think,
And gave all the work the "rinky-dink,"
And then to crown her lazy ways,
Spent afternoons at matinees.
She would not sew, she would not cook,
She would not learn from wisdom's book,
But just lived on from day to day,
In her happy, lucky, careless way.
While mother dear did oft aver,
No man would ever marry her.
But one just did, strange things oft go,
Who's rich so she don't have to cook or sew.

MORAL

This girl has now a cinch, you bet,
While wise old mother's working yet.

YES SAH

Libby, who had just become a widow, was sorting out several suits of black underclothes. Her friend asked in astonishment:

"Libby, what fo' youh don' get them black undehgarments?"

"Cause wen Ah mourns," replied Libby,' Ah mourns."

* * * * *

THINK WHAT?

"What do you think of Mable's dress?"
"It does make you think, doesn't it?"

* * * * *

UNREASONABLE WORLD.

Miss Mary wears a scanty skirt
That has no chance to gather dirt;
But silly prudes are blaming Mary
For trying to be sanitary.

* * * * *

HE KNEW

COUNSEL—"Was the prisoner sober?"
WITNESS—"No, sir, he was drunk as a judge."
JUDGE—"You mean drunk as a lord."
WITNESS—"Yes, my lord."

It's better to be broke—than never to have loved at all.

WORTH A CARLOAD OF MEDALS

"I'm somewhat of a heroine myself," spoke up the nifty queen who had been listening to some life-saving tales.

"You don't say. Pray what did you ever do in the line of saving lives?" asked one of the girls.

"Well, when I was coming up from Florida last summer, I made the acquaintance of the Captain of our ship."

"He was with me nearly all the time, and one night he told me he would blow up the ship if I did not do whatever he wanted me to."

"Oh! how interesting," exclaimed her friend, "And what did you do?"

"That's none of your business. I saved seven hundred and fifty people; isn't that something to be proud of?"

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

YOUNG WIFE—"Oh, I am so miserable; my husband has been out all evening, and I haven't the faintest idea where he is."

EXPERIENCED FRIEND—"My dear, you mustn't worry. You would probably be twice as miserable if you did know.

* * * * *

A CLOSE-UP ROMANCE

A little skirt,
Outrageous flirt!
A pair of pants—
A jazzy dance.
A hubby's glare—
Pants take the air;
A heavy boot—
Skirt follows suit!

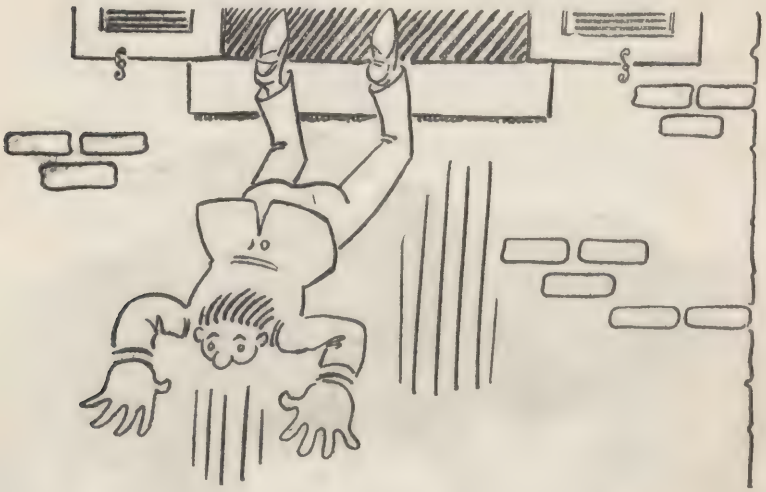
* * * * *

COST HIM A MEAL

GEORGE—"You just look sweet enough to eat!"

AGNES—"I do eat. Where shall we go?"

THE QUICKEST WAY



Down, down came the man from the third story window, striking the pavement uninjured.

Pat who was working close by rushed to the man and assisted him to his feet.

"By jabbers, you had a narrow escape. It's a wonder you weren't killed making such a fast exit. But why in hell didn't you come down the stairway?"

"How could I?" replied the man, "Her husband had the right o' way."

KNOWS HOW

"Can you keep a secret?"
"I should say so. I have one in the hotel now."

* * * * *

?

"STOP! Whata you think you're doing?"
"About forty or fifty."

* * * * *

READ 'EM AN' WEEP

At rattlin' bones Ah guess yo' won't
Find ma superiah ef yo' hunt,
An' talkin' huntin', let me state
Dat dis yere coon shoots craps fus' rate.

My idea of a good wife is one who helps her husband with the housework.

A SURE SHOT

KNICK—"I thought Jim had a system for playing Horses."

KNACK—"He had, but he bet on a horse named "Ex Lax," and it cleaned his system out."

* * * * *

?

"Is that dirt on your silk handkerchief?"
"No, it's not."

* * * * *

A WISE GIRL

You can have your monkey glands,
And other crazy doctor's plans;
But here's a tip to be a stepper,
Get wise, and read Red Pepper.

* * * * *

SO GENEROUS

FRED—"I am tempted to steal—to steal a kiss."

MABLE—"Oh, don't! It's wicked to steal. Let me lend you a few."

ARE YOU IN THE EMBARRASSING CONTEST

A Story Like the Following May Prove A Winner

* * * * *

UNDER EMBARRASSING CIRCUMSTANCES

My wife introduced me to one of her lady friends.

The lady friend violated all the rules by displaying a glad smile of recognition.

"Why, don't you remember me?" she asked gushingly.

I admitted that I didn't.

"Don't you recall," she insisted, "the last time I saw you, we were taking a bath together."

Just then her car came along and she had to leave hurriedly. And it was about ten minutes before I remembered that we had been children together and when mere infants had bathed together in the same tub at the old homestead.

And the best part of it, I haven't been able to explain it to my wife yet.

* * * * *

FOR FULL DETAILS OF CONTEST SEE BACK PAGE

CLAIRE MILLER

Photo White Studio.

In "Keep Kool" at the Globe Theatre.
It's easy for Claire, but tough on us boys.

BETTY COMPSON

Photo Donald Biddle Keyes.

Featured in "The Enemy Sex."

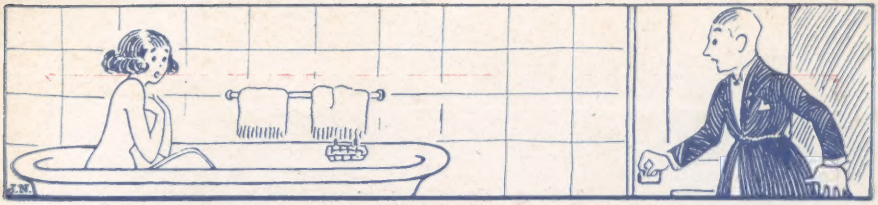
NORMA CLOOS

Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston.

In George White's Scandals at the Apollo Theatre.
Who said they'd like to be the shawl?

WOW! IT'S HOT

WHO WANTS TO FAN HER?



ONLY A FEW DAYS MORE

CASH PRIZE CONTEST

FOR A STORY OF THE MOST

Embarrassing Predicament

YOU WERE EVER IN

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	$ 50
THIRD PRIZE	$ 25
FIVE PRIZES OF	$5 EACH

RULES THAT MUST BE OBSERVED:

Rule 1:—Your story must not contain over 300 words. (Typewrite if possible)

Rule 2:—You must understand that we reserve the right to publish your story in RED PEPPER whether or not it is a prize winner.

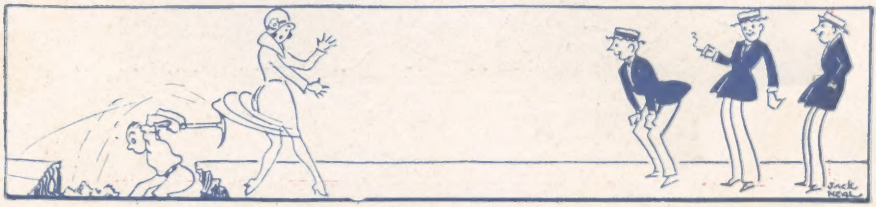
Rule 3:—Send Stories to Contest Editor, Red Pepper Pub. Co. No stories will be returned.

NOTICE

Contest closes September 1st. Winners to be announced in October issue (on sale at all news stands September 20th) and checks will reach prize winners at that time.

The Editor prepared himself with an Asbestos Suit since the contest started.

WATCH FOR WINNERS IN OCTOBER ISSUE.



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